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A RELIC OF THE DARK AGES.

JOHN BULL. — Roseberry says he can be mended, but I guess he'd better be ended!

# PUCK

## DAWN.



BEHIND the tangled forest, dark and deep,  
It burns, a sea of rose,  
Whose airy billows o'er the wild wastes creep  
And sparkle on the snows.

A white star gayly trembles in the blue,  
A crow the silence breaks,  
And from the high limb of the solemn yew,  
The wind a snow-wreath shakes.

The air is clear and sweet as golden wine,  
Warmed by day's early beam;  
The distant hills in purple beauty shine,  
And, from a poet's dream,

I wake to hear old Bridget play a great  
Tattoo with vim and dash,  
Chopping the pickled beeve to formulate  
The matutinal hash.

R. K. M.

AN EGOTIST reminds one of a lizard; lop off a bit of him, he  
squirms a little and straightway grows on again.



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## TIME TO STOP IT.

AGENT OF PROPERTY. — See here, Schutzenpeg, you'll have to  
move, or stop working nights, one or the other!

SCHUTZENPEG. — Vot for?

AGENT OF PROPERTY. — Madame Zeo, the medium, up-stairs,  
complains that your hammering confuses the spirit-rappings so that  
she's losing all her business!

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE. — What made you rush out as soon  
as you opened that package from home and got the gold watch  
your pater sent for a Christmas present?

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE. —  
I wanted to see how much I could  
get on it.

## HER MISTAKE.

There was a young woman of  
Guinea  
Who played, for she was no  
nuinea,  
A game she called golf,  
But she was clear off,  
For the pastime was nothing but  
shuinea.

## THE DEAR GIRLS.

CLARA. — Marrying a nobleman, has  
its advantages, after all.

MAUD. — What are they, pray?

CLARA. — When one wearies of a  
nobleman it is always easy to secure grounds  
for a divorce.



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## A NEW SYMPTOM.

MAMA. — I am worried about Johnny. He complains of a severe  
headache; and, you know, he has never been ill before —

PAPA. — Never been ill? He's always complaining of headache!

MAMA. — You interrupted me. I was going to say he has never  
been ill before on Saturday.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.





WITHIN THE POSSIBILITIES.

ROCKY RHODES. — How do they fit me?  
 INDOLENT IVORS. — Where did you git 'em?  
 ROCKY RHODES. — Down the road. The lady said she had nuthin' to give me except the cast-off bicycle-suit belongin' to her daughter.

TWO VIEWS.

ADA. — I don't believe in short engagements. Marry in haste, you know, and repent at leisure.  
 IDA. — Yes; but in long engagements, the leisure may come before the ceremony, and the repentance may be on the wrong side.

A GOOD DEFINITION.

JOHNNY PHIZ. — Say, Pa, what's an "egotist?"  
 MR. PHIZ. — An egotist is — a-hem — an egotist is a person who thinks he is a bigger man than we are.

MORE KILLING THAN THE SWORD.

The pen may be mightier than the sword,  
 But many a man is willing  
 To bet that his little typewriter  
 Is ever so much more killing.  
 R. F. Wilson.

RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION.

BRONSON. — Have the detectives found out anything about that burglary yet?

JOHNSON. — Yes; they've come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money.



IN THE impenetrable darkness she was alone with her thoughts.  
 The chill of morning was stealing into her chamber.  
 "He comes," she murmured. "My husband comes."  
 Tears sprang to her eyes.  
 "Unfeeling man."  
 She hearkened yet again.  
 "Unfeeling man," she whispered, as she distinctly heard him run his face against the hat-rack.  
 A sense of sweet content possessed her, now.



CASUS BELLI.

COHEN. — Who vould of thought idt? Here vos Goldstein undt Marcus in peesness fife years, peaceful, undt now dey fight like cat undt tog!  
 MERGENTHALER. — Vell, it vos only last month der peesness gommenct to maig big money.

# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

(A Brand-New Version.)

ONCE UPON a time there was a very sweet little maid who was dearly loved by every one far and near, and especially by her grandmother, who doted upon her and considered her the loveliest little girl that ever lived. She was always making her little grand-daughter presents, and doing everything in her power to fill the child's life with happiness and sunshine. Now, once when the early Summer was about to dawn upon the world, and the thoughts and dreams of all womankind lightly turned to thoughts of hats, the good old grandmother purchased her chief particular pet a little hood made of velvet, and this hood elicited so many happy criticisms from the neighbors that the child wore it every day, and thus gained the sobriquet of Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her grandmother called her in from the porch, where she was playing jacks, and said: "Come, Little Red Riding Hood, I have an errand for you. You know your great-grandmother is lying ill of nervous dyspepsia in her little cabin, and I want you to run over and give her the goose sandwiches and the



six bottles of Milwaukee beer that I have packed in this basket, for she is very weak, and they will do her good. Now, don't stop on the way to watch children who are pitching pennies, but walk straight to your great-grandmother's; and don't hurry, lest you fall and break the bottles of beer."

"I shall be very careful, indeed!" replied Little Red Riding Hood, dropping a curtsy.

So Little Red Riding Hood went on her way to her great-grandmother's house, which was about a mile distant, on a road running through a deep wood. When she had gone quite a distance over this road, she met a wolf of so cadaverous an appearance

that she could see at once that he would far rather become the recipient of a veal cutlet than of a piece of wan, emaciated Washington pie.

"Good-morning, Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, politely; "whither wendest thou?"

"To my great-grandmother's, good Mr. Wolf."

"And where doth thy great-grandmother live, pray?"

"In the little green portable cabin down the road. She is very sick and distressed, for a great insurance company up in Hartford is about to foreclose a mortgage on her."

"Too bad, too bad!" replied the wolf, a great tear coursing from his eye sadly down his gray side-whiskers; "but, prithee, what hast thou in thy basket under those red-bordered bargain-counter napkins?"

"These," replied Little Red Riding Hood, with a rosy smile, "are some goose sandwiches and Milwaukee beer I am taking to my poor, dear great-grandmother to give her strength, and put her once more upon her feet."

Now the wolf almost fainted with joy when he heard the magic words "goose sandwiches and Milwaukee beer;" and he thought it would be so nice to eat Little Red Riding Hood, and the old great-grandmother, too, and to have the goose sandwiches and the Milwaukee beer, that he said:

"What a lovely day it is, and how spicily the flowers scent the air! and how blue the skies are, and how gayly the brooks babble! and yet thou payest no attention to any or all of these beauties of Nature."

Little Red Riding Hood looked about her and listened, and while she felt overjoyed with the manifold beauties about her on every hand, she felt not a little mortified at having had them pointed out to her by a wolf. And while she thus wandered about, admiring the charms of Nature, she stopped to cull a few flowers for her great-grandmother to gaze upon while eating the goose sandwiches and languidly sipping the Milwaukee beer.

It was then that the wolf hastened to the portable cabin that was about to be sold under foreclosure by the great insurance company of Hartford, and murmured while he ran:

"If it be permissible, according to the strictest rules of rhetoric, as understood and practised by Prof. Hill, of Harvard, I will soon foreclose upon thee, dear Madam."

In due time he reached the neat but unpretentious little

cabin of Little Red Riding Hood's great-grandmother, and rapped upon the door.

"Who is without?" she asked, rising in bed.

"Without what?" replied the wolf, by way of a joke.

"Who are you, any way?" demanded the old lady.

"Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, softly.

"Come in, then."

So the wolf walked in and quickly ate the great-grandmother of Little Red Riding Hood, leaving nothing of her but her coral ear-rings that happened to be on the bureau at the time of the banquet.

Then the wolf quickly donned the old lady's red-flannel night-gown and cap, got into the bed and drew the covers well up about his throat.

"She was very tough," soliloquized the wolf, "or else my food does n't assimilate. I will keep awake, lest I have a nightmare."

Half an hour later Little Red Riding Hood was much surprised to find her great-grandmother's door standing wide open, and everything did not seem exactly right when she entered. When she said "good-morning" she received no answer. And then she said with great surprise:

"O Grandmother! what large ears you have!"

"They are all the better to hear thee coming with thy basket."

"And what great eyes you have!"

"All the better to see what thou hast in thy basket."

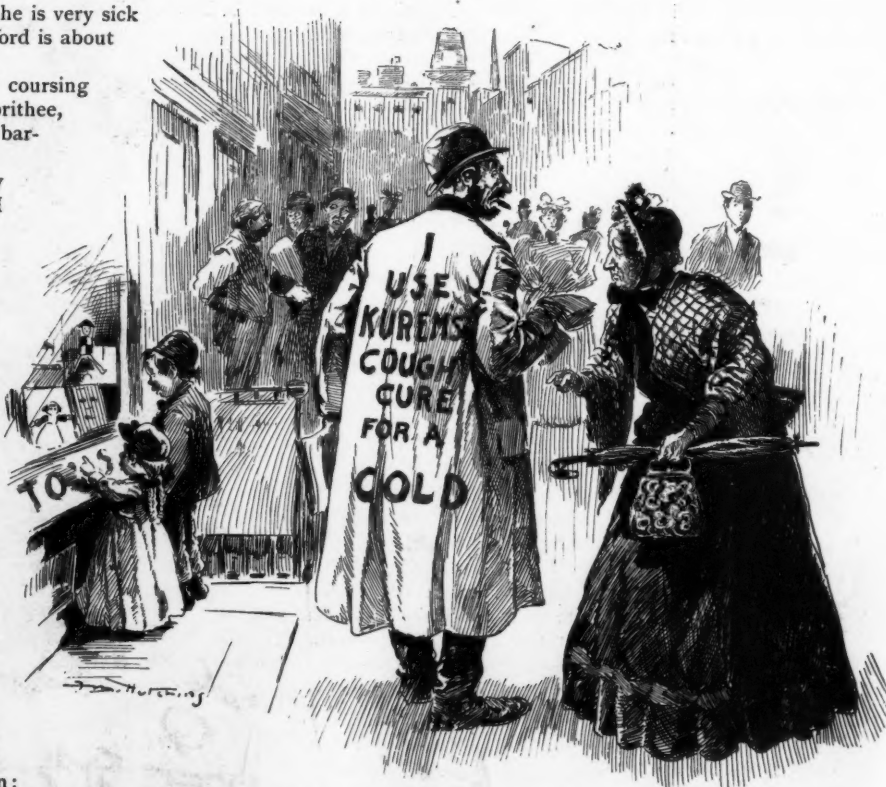
"And what large hands you have!"

"All the better to pull the corks out of thy Milwaukee beer bottles."

"And what a great soprano mouth you have!"

"It is of just the proper dimensions to enable me to swallow thee like a saddle-rock oyster at a single gulp!"

Thereupon the wolf rose with an epicurean twinkle in his eye, preparatory to swallowing Little Red Riding Hood; but he was not aware of the fact that he was in a folding-bed, and before he could get from under the counterpane, the sweet little maid, with great coolness and presence of mind, sent the bed flying back into its library-of-popular-fiction position, and the sly old wolf was so quickly and suddenly destroyed that his wild



UNSOPHISTICATED.

AUNT WINTERGREEN.—Since you are kind enough to tell folks what you use to cure a cold, would you mind telling me what to take for the rheumatiz?





death shriek was broken as abruptly in the middle as if it had been a wand of macaroni.

Then Little Red Riding Hood ran home and told what she had done. The neighbors repaired to the place and took the old wolf out and had him skinned; and when the skin was cured, and the head beautified with glass eyes, it was presented to the little heroine as a reward for her great forethought and wisdom in a most trying emergency. She spread it out upon the floor as an æsthetic ornament; and since that time the skins of wild animals have become very popular as parlor rugs.

R. K. Munkittrick.



FORCE OF HABIT.

BURGLAR.—I'll take these things.  
SMOGGS (old salesman).—C-A-S-H!

KNOWS WHERE HE STANDS.

JACK FORD.—They say that even Bob Ingersoll believes in Santa Claus.

TOM DE WITT.—So would I if I wore the same size stocking he does.

ALL THE SIGNS.

CARRIE.—I thought he was going to propose to me at one time last night.

MAY.—What made you think so?

CARRIE.—Both of us felt so embarrassed and silly.

THE MAN who publishes anonymously has a chance to be tickled by the unconscious praise of his personal enemies.

THE MAN who moistens his clay is likely some time to get a brick in his hat.



THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

DEACON SASSAFRAS (a hard-shell Baptist).—I have just been reading about a man who was killed by lightning while playing base-ball on Sunday in Kentucky. There's a judgement for you!

HIRAM OATCAKE.—I don't know about its bein' a judgement; a church near by was struck and destroyed at the same time.

DEACON SASSAFRAS.—That does n't cut any figure. It was a Presbyterian church.

WHAT NINE men out of ten want is a home with hotel comforts.

THE MERMAID is the only lady who does n't wear tight shoes.

CHANGE is not always reform, any more than noise is music.

A MISTAKE.



TOURIST (doing the Alps).—Waiter! Bring me a plate of ice-cream.  
WAITER.—No Inglesse understand.



TOURIST.—Ah! I'll make him understand. I went to drawing-school when I was young, and art is a universal language.



"Here! Waiter, bring me that. Now I'll bet he'll understand!"



—!—!—!—!



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## NO PREVARICATION.

MRS. DOOLEY (*proudly*).—Ah, yis; me ould mon is very good to me an' very thoughtful he is! Yist'day was me name day, an' phat do yez t'ink he give me?

MRS. O'FLYNN (*enviously*).—Phat?

MRS. DOOLEY.—Phoy, wan av th' finest wor-ruk baskets yez iver did see.

A PREFERRED CREDITOR is usually one that does n't fight for prompt payment.



MRS. DOOLEY (*in the sanctity of her own home*).—Oi gits ahead av that gaddin' hussy av a Missus O'Flynn ivery toime Oi can—an' it's not a loie oi 'll hov to be absolved from, nayther. If that ain't a wor-ruk basket oi 'd loike to know!



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## IN DOUBT.

MISS SEARS.—Do you think George would marry me for my money?

ETHEL KNOX.—It might be worth trying; how much have you got?

## ONE WAY.

"I wonder," mused the one, "how the sirens transformed these men into brutes."

"Married them, probably," gloomily answered the other, who had just quarreled with her husband.

THE "PUG" who wears the belt so bright  
With gems, and to the same would cling,  
Discovers that his hardest fight  
Is to keep safe without the ring.

## HIS REVOLT.

The Prodigal Son, after the first greetings were over, bent forward until his lips almost touched the ear of the patriarch.

"Has Ma," he hoarsely whispered, "quit wearing bloomers?"

The old man shook his head. "Then," exclaimed the wanderer, "I must away again, to the husks that the swine have left, if there is nothing better. In any event, I don't propose to wear out two people's made-over clothes."



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## INCIDENT OF HIS CAMPAIGN.

SHE.—You said before marriage that you had never loved any one but me.

HE.—You are the first woman I ever came across who believed a campaign lie.

## CAUTION.

To tell her fortune did the youth  
With care her soft palm view;  
But, to make assurance doubly sure,  
He looked in Bradstreet's, too.

## A NATURAL EFFECT.

MR. NORRIS.—What's the matter with this dinner? It seems to be an off day for the cook.

MRS. NORRIS.—Yes; she had a day off yesterday.

THE ASS-HIDE that covers many a social lion is more than skin deep.





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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.**

IT is the misfortune of the City of New York that the lines of party division in her popular vote are also in some measure lines of race and religious division. The Democratic vote, or, at least, the Tammany Democratic vote, is practically the solid Irish vote, and, therefore, the Roman Catholic vote. It is easy to see what a vast amount of mischief may, and, indeed, must spring from such a division. And when it is further stated that a large proportion of the opposition vote is absolutely under the control of one eminently unprincipled politician who is perfectly willing at all times to dicker and deal with his opponents for his own personal advantage, it becomes obvious that New York City politics are not likely to be headed right for purity and patriotism. Friends of reform and of honest civic government have recently gained a great victory at the polls, but the evil influences against which they contended are still potent, and are likely to remain so while Irish Romanists continue to vote as a unit, and while the versatile Mr. T. C. Platt remains a shining light in the secret ally business. And, although it is generally conceded that Mr. Platt is not in politics for his health, we must regretfully add that politics seem to agree with his system, and that he seems to grow and wax fat at his interesting trade. Recent events have largely increased his value to the defeated partisans of Tammany Hall. In fact, he is their main stay, their forlorn hope—outside of the influence of the solid Roman Church, which is not likely to be decreased by the recent establishment of an American Deputy Pope. That the church, as a church, was active against the reform movement is beyond any question whatever, and it is hardly open to doubt that Archbishop Corrigan, in particular, has grossly violated the traditions of his predecessors, and made a disgraceful exhibition of pernicious activity in local politics. The most encouraging and hopeful view of the present situation is that the hand of the Church has been pretty clearly shown in a way that ought to arouse the indignant Americanism of every citizen who would see our public school system kept free from the taint of Romish control. We are inclined to think that the Archbishop's partner in the Republican camp will have a harder job in the treason line hereafter than he ever had before in all his foxy life.

**THE GROWTH OF SUNDAY.**

It is a most remarkable opinion that seems to be entertained by the majority of our clergymen that the American can be trusted to be a free man on six days of the week, but not on Sunday. On six days he may be trusted to drink in moderation, but if he is allowed to enter a saloon on Sunday he is expected incontinently and shamelessly to make a beast of himself. For six days of the week he may go to a respectable theatre without injuring his morals; but if he attends a dramatic performance on the Sabbath, it is to be expected that his moral nature will at once become so corrupt and perverse that the gates of perdition fairly yawn for him. On Saturday afternoon he may attend a game of ball, or even play ball himself, and that is innocent recreation of a practical, healthful nature; but if he does the same thing on Sunday, he will at once become a riotous brute. Is not this the last absurdity of unreason? If in our legitimate sports and the gratification of our normal appetites we can be self-restrained and sober and decent at all other times, surely we can be the same on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. But, as a matter of fact, the American citizen is put in leading strings, like a child not to be trusted, on the one day of rest that is allotted to him; and why? Simply because his English ancestors, two hundred and fifty years ago, made a scandal of the day. To contend that if he were allowed a reasonable and proper liberty in the matter of Sunday observance the American citizen would abuse that liberty, is to contend that two centuries and a half of civilization and popular education have done nothing to raise him above the level of the ignorant and brutal bear-fighters of 17th century England. It is a contention that ought to be grossly offensive to patriotic pride, and if there is any basis for it, the sooner the American gets education and self-restraint and self-respect so extended as to make a man of him for the whole week round, the better for him and his country.

**FOOT-BALL WHERE IT BELONGS.**

The foot-ball enthusiast tries to squelch the critic of the game with this retort: "What do you know about foot-ball, anyway? You never played the game." He knows all the rules, does the enthusiast, and the

records of the college teams, and he insists that unless you are a foot-ball expert you have no right to speak of the dead and wounded. And that is hardly reasonable. A man need not be a chemist, for instance, to know that poisoning is a crime. He may not even know what H<sub>2</sub>O means, and yet be sure it would be highly improper to flavor another's food with arsenic. The father of young Walter Blackburn, who died at Shreve, Ohio, two hours after his spine was fractured in a foot-ball game, may not know a half-back from a water-back, or a foul-tackle from a fishing-tackle, but we don't believe his feelings toward the game would be any different if he could recite the rules backward. We are willing to admit all the good that is claimed for foot-ball by its most ardent supporters. It is quite possible that young Mr. Hinkey, in learning to jump on a prostrate man with his knee extended, is developing those qualities of energy, vigor, honesty and amiability which are so desirable in man. We do not see just how; in fact, our private opinion is that Mr. Hinkey and his associates would be quite as well fitted for business and social life if they had never gouged out an eye or broken a rib. It seems to us there are forms of physical exercise that would be quite as effective and not so severe. We don't quite like to read, either, that the vanquished foot-ball players frequently weep. The players really ought not to burst into tears so often as they do. It does n't seem manly to us. But, while we may be mistaken as to the benefit to be derived from the game, we are sure that any game which kills four men in two months and seriously disables at least a score more, as foot-ball has done this present year, is a disgrace to a civilized people. The last Yale-Princeton game was played under police surveillance. For the first time in its history the game was put where it belongs—on a level with prize-fighting. And we hope the faculties of the respective colleges and all foot-ball admirers, will fully grasp the idea.

**ONE BETTER.**

"Madam," briskly spoke up the gent in the check suit, when the lady of the house appeared at the door, "I have here an invaluable invention for daily domestic use;—a combination of useful utensils no household should be without, combining, as it does, in one compact tool, a corkscrew, a paper cutter, a can opener, a nut pick, a bodkin, a shoe buttoner, a—"

"No, thank you!" she answered curtly; "I have all the hair-pins I need!"

The next moment the door was slammed in his face.

**GETTING ACQUAINTED.**

MRS. DIX.—Getting acquainted with your neighbors in Lonelyville yet?

MRS. MORRISON-ESSEX.—Oh, yes! the Dorcas Society meetings are quite like the sessions of the Lexow Committee.

TO ENLARGE our own Chicago  
All sorts of things are done;  
The courts, e'en, help the process  
By making two of one.



**THE IDEA!**

CLARA.—While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what was the trump at least six times.

MAUDE.—Wern't you provoked?

CLARA.—I should say so! As if I knew!



J.S. PUGHE

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BEYOND RESU

DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF PRELATE AND POLIT





RESUSCITATION.  
AND POLITICIAN THE CAT WILL NOT COME BACK.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED;  
OR, HOW BAD ADVICE BROUGHT A PROMISING CRUSADE TO GRIEF.

CUTS OUT, 1904, BY CECILIA A. BURNHAM



I. SUNDAY SCHOOL SUP'T. — Now, that you have joined the "Tiny Tots' Anti-Cigarette League," James, it is your duty to go forth and labor with the youthful victims of this noxious habit. If your persuasions will not move them, snatch the pernicious weeds from their mouths; — it is for their own good!



II. JIMMY. — You must throw that cigarette away, Muggsey — and never smoke any more. It is a bad and dangerous habit! MUGGSEY. — Aw! wot yer givin' us?



III. JIMMY. — There, Muggsey! I've thrown it away. Our Superintendent says it is for your own good.

PUCK.

JUDGEMENT REVERSED.

I HEARD HER called a heartless flirt,  
And half-believed it true,  
And, at the rustle of her skirt,  
I frequently withdrew.

But soon I got to know her.

Then,  
I changed my mind. You see,  
She used to smile on other men,  
But now she smiles on me!

Harry Romaine.

NO GINGER.

"I should never marry that man under any circumstances," remarked the fair young girl, as she coldly returned the bow of the handsome and distinguished-looking young gentleman who passed on the other side of the street.

"But why not?" inquired her friend with surprise. "Mr. Dollawayte is considered a great catch."

"Because he is a widower."

"But surely, my dear Angelina, you have no foolish prejudices against second marriages, have you?"

"Oh, none in the least! but there would be no fun in being engaged to him."

"Why not?"

"Because he knows too much to quarrel."

ECONOMY FROM BELOW.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Pluto; "you don't say so?"

"Yes," rejoined Proserpine, who had been reading the morning paper; "the trust has added twenty-five cents a ton to the prices of egg and stove sizes."

The master of Avernus pondered.

"I am glad," he observed, at last, "that I had Charon put porters on his boats. We can save something by getting people hot on the way over."

A RESTFUL OCCUPATION.

FRIEND. — Don't you often get very tired writing jokes?

PARAGRAPHER. — Awfully.

"What do you do for a rest?"

"Write puns."

CITY EDITOR. — Did you get that interview from Mr. McAstorbilt?

REPORTER. — Not much; he said he would have kicked me downstairs if he had n't been afraid of hurting his foot on so much brass.

CITY EDITOR. — Write a column on "McAStorbilt Has the Gout."



IV. MUGGSEY. — I'll learn yer to come around here doin' de missionary act! — take dat, an' dat!



V. JIMMY (four minutes later). — Gimme a good strong bean-shooter, an' a package of cigarettes, quick!



VI. "I guess he won't tell any more boys to go forth an' labor with young cigarette smokers, an' snatch the pernicious weeds from their mouths, for their own good."



## SOME GHOSTLY REMARKS.



AM A GHOST by profession.

I haunt residences, chateaux, cabs, corner lots — anything — for a consideration.

And, what is more, I am the oldest ghost in the business.

I began in an amateurish way to do haunting for private families when I was n't more than five years old.

That was in the year 402 B. C.

Then, as the years of that period grew beautifully less, I became more expert, and opened a Spectre Bureau and laid the foundations of a large trade, which, I regret to say, has fallen off of late years.

My headquarters were then in Rome; and, as time went on, I established branches in other cities, and made myself agent for other spooks, securing them engagements to do haunting in places where I could not spare the time to go myself.

In the old Roman days there was n't much Christmas work to be done, but there was a great lot of political haunting in hand.

I am the ghost who played the Pompey act as Cæsar; and, later on, Mrs. Cæsar employed me to make it unpleasant for Brutus.

Brutus thought I really was Cæsar. My make-up was fine — Mrs. Cæsar having lent me a fog-colored toga and a transparent laurel Julius used to wear.

It would have made you laugh to see Brutus quail.

It was worse than a quail.

It was a whole covey of partridges.

By slow degrees I built up a monopoly of European haunting.

Hamlet was one of my best customers, and gave me a letter of recommendation to some English friends of his, through whose influence I got the contract for haunting Royalty.

I sent down to my main office and got a batch of spectres to come and help me haunt Richard III.

You doubtless remember the episode.

That was the proudest moment of my life.

It was haunting on a grand scale, you know.

Ordinary spectres never do business in that way.

They seem to think that if they appear alone at a man's bedside, it is enough.

They have no mind to grasp the cumulative effect upon the victim who gets a whole invoice of ghosts thrown at him all at once.

But lately — trade is dull.

People have n't time to be haunted; and, unless they have some fell purpose in view, they no longer hire spooks to haunt other people.

Here it is Christmas-time, and I have n't more than five engagements — and what paltry engagements they are!

One fellow living off in the country has his wife's mother living with him, and he wants me to haunt the old lady until she adjourns.

Nice business for a respectable ghost to be in!

Then listen to this: — here's a man writes to say that his wife is set on having a sealskin sacque, and he wants to know what I'll charge to sit on the footboard of her bed, grinning at her through a skull for an hour every night for three nights running, with a seal sacque over my shoulders.

Do you call that a dignified thing?

Now, here's a bid I rather like:

A young man out at Poke-Stogy wants me to attend a big ball there on Christmas Eve, and horrify everybody but himself — his idea being that the girl he loves will so admire his bravery in the presence of a supernatural being, that she will refrain from being a sister to him.

That's the kind of business that I like, because it makes somebody happy; but this trade of badgering an old lady just because she happens to be a man's wife's mother, — why, it's positively low!

Then, there's another congenial bid I've got for Christmas Eve:

A boy who was discovered to be dissipated by his rich father ten years ago, and whose name has been removed from the old gentleman's will, has retained me to appear at his governor's bedside as the clock strikes twelve, and simply soak him with remorse, and secure the boy's re-instatement.

I like to do a kind act of that sort, particularly when, as in the present instance, my client offers to give me half of what he gets out of it.

What's that?

I must be rich by this time?

Well, I guess not!

That's the one great trial of my business.

So many of my clients go back on me.

I haunt for 'em — I horrify and terrify; I do everything a spook can do to achieve their ends; and, by George! when I come to ask for my money, they pretend not to see me.



It's easy to pretend not to see a ghost, you know; and what redress have I?

Not a bit.

Who ever heard of a spook having any standing in court?

That's why I'm disgusted with the business; and that's why, between you and me and the lamp-post, I'm going to give it up after this year.

What am I going to do for a living?

Well, I don't know exactly!

I'm sorter uncertain whether to go into a museum, or settle down in some old French or English castle until I evaporate.

What?

Why, of course I'll evaporate some day!

Ghosts can't live always.

Particularly in these days when castles are heated by steam.

I'd dry up in seven minutes if I lingered near steam.

But for a year after the coming January I'm engaged by a wealthy young New York boy.

One hundred dollars a month and my board and lodging.

He wants me to sit in one corner of his room as a specimen of the real London fog.

It's a nice, easy job; and, being foggy is one of my specialties.

Carlyle Smith.

SHE KNOWS HOW TO PAD.

MAITRE DE BALLET.—What! lead our Amazon March? That scrawny thing! Never!

STAGE MANAGER.—Oh, I'll answer for her remedying that! Her father is a Chicago census-taker.

A NEW POLITICAL broom sweeps clean, but is very hard to keep clean.

MILLCENT.—What flowers did you wear at that Chicago ball? EUNICE.—Wind flowers, to be sure!

PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE —The Stage Villain.

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Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

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**FIRST COMEDIAN.**—Is Boothby married?

**SECOND COMEDIAN.**—No; poor fellow! He has to work for a living.—  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE more polish you put on a mean man the better the devil is suited. —  
*Ram's Horn.*

**SHE.**—I see that one sewing machine is supposed to do the work of twelve women.

**HE.**—What idiot has gone and invented a talking attachment?—*Inter Ocean.*

The use of **ROKER'S BITTERS** excites the appetite, cures dyspepsia, and prevents colic.

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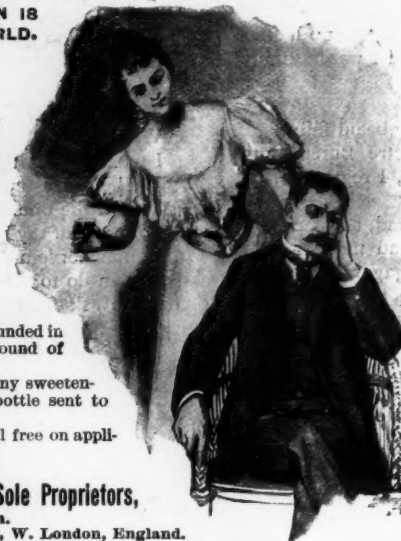
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**BINGO.**—Great Scott! What for?

**MRS. BINGO.**—He said he had n't been here for a week.

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SECOND BOY. — Nope. He took th' Keeley Cure. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

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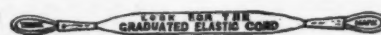
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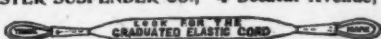
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Mr. Wick's Aunt,

What Mrs. Fortescue Did,  
"The Man with the Pink Pants,"  
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## NOT HIS WEAK POINT.

AJAX. — Wert thou not wounded in the battle to-day, Achilles? Methought I saw thee stricken by a Trojan spear.  
ACHILLES. — I *was* stricken, Ajax; but, fortunately, I got it in the neck.

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FAITH is something possessed entirely by the children; and they don't know they have it.—*Atchison Globe.*

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New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.  
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TOMMY. — When I'm a man I'm going to be a soldier.  
MOTHER. — What! and be killed by the enemy?  
TOMMY. — Oh! well, then, I guess I'll be the enemy. — *Yale Record.*

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"How is your son doing in college this year?"

MOTHER.—He don't seem to have the least ambition. Just like his father.

"Don't stand well in his classes, eh?"

"Mercy, yes! right at the head; but he can't kick a foot-ball more than twenty feet."—*Inter Ocean.*

MAY.—Oh, girls, I have a secret!

THE GIRLS (excitedly).—What is it? Please tell us.

MAY (indignantly).—Well, did n't you suppose I was going to?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

SOME people become so busy that they have no time to do anything.—*Atchison Globe.*

## A BOW WOW ROMANCE.

ONCE UPON a time there was a nice old German, who, having retired from business, lived happily up in Harlem with his wife and his little dachshund Schnuffelschlicht. Schnuffelschlicht was a very playful and affectionate dog, with amethyst eyes, and a great pair of ears that hung almost to the floor.

Now, one bitter cold day, Herr Nixcumarousbach was greatly worried about Schnuffelschlicht, who was outdoors with a very sore throat. Going to the window, he shouted: "Schnuffelschlicht! Schnuffelschlicht!! Schnuffelschlicht!!!"

In a moment the dog was heard scampering up the stairs; but, being a dog of great length, when his head was in the room his hind-legs were a half-story below.

"Dot vas a goot leetle Schnuffelschlicht!" observed Herr Nixcumarousbach, as he tied his dog's ears under his chin, like a comforter. "Dot vill cure your cold right away, nicht wahr?"

Then he gave the delighted dog, who was sitting upon his haunches like a penguin, a lovely purple sausage. Schnuffelschlicht held it up between his paws like a banana, and nibbled it in dainty afternoon-tea fashion, while he murmured in heart-felt glee:

"Ich bin arm, aber ich bin zufrieden."

Herr Nixcumarousbach smiled at this sweet sentiment, and Schnuffelschlicht ran out, but soon returned with a token of his gratitude for the lovely purple sausage in his mouth.

In a moment or two, Herr and Frau Nixcumarousbach were laughing as they never laughed before since leaving Vienna; for the faithful Schnuffelschlicht had brought them a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, playfully grabbed by him from a near-by news-stand while the newsdealer was preoccupied, reading the latest issue of PUCK'S LIBRARY.



H. I. M., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

## TELEGRAM FROM LIVADIA.

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### SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

MISS DE FASHION (a few years hence).—You are wanted at the telephone!

MRS. DE FASHION.—Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. De Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long.—*New York Weekly.*

### NOTHING IN A NAME.

"I was so sorry to hear that your husband is sick," said the caller.

"Yes," was the reply. "It was really too bad. He took such a liking to a new kind of 'health food' that he overate himself."—*Washington Star.*

Gossip is generally a desire to get even.—*Atchison Globe.*

### FOUR DAYS TO CALIFORNIA

In a luxurious train of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars. The "SUNSET LIMITED" is the name of the New Train which the Southern Pacific Company will run between New Orleans and San Francisco once a week during the coming Winter. The equipment and time unsurpassed by any route. Through tickets to all points in Texas, Mexico, California, China, Japan and Australia. For further particulars apply to No. 343 Broadway, or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Building), N. Y.

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Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 50c. at dealers. Sample free. G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 235 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

If you want to see something real coy, watch a widow who has commenced to notice again, talk with a widower.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Ef some men," said Uncle Eben, "wus haf ez industrious in dah bones' duty ez dey am 'bout makin' 'scuses, dey would n' need no 'scuses 't all."—*Washington Star.*

THE BOARD OF HEALTH—Three Meals a Day.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

All persons suffering from stomach troubles should try BOKER'S BROTHERS. Renowned specific since 1828.

LET Hell be blotted out to-day, and there is material enough in any saloon-keeper and a barrel of whiskey to start another one.—*Yale Record.*

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No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

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**Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.**

Therefore for satisfactory results in your cooking get the genuine with this signature in blue:

A MAN is a fool in some new way every day.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Nothing filmy about Koronas, still roller holders can be attached.

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# ABSOLUTE REST.

PHYSICIAN.—Your husband must stop all work, all thought, everything.  
WIFE.—He would never consent to absolute idleness.  
PHYSICIAN.—Than we must fool him into imagining he is busy. I'll get him appointed a member of the Board of Health.—*New York Weekly.*

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Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.  
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## THE WATCHED POT.

IN HER cloak and bonnet ready  
For the trip so bright and rosy,  
She awaits the kettle's boiling  
On the hearthstone warm and cosy.  
She is yearning for her Oolong  
Like a fortune-telling gypsy,  
Ere she jumps into her carriage  
On her journey to Pough-keepsie.  
But she'd lose her blooming  
patience  
And she'd be upon her  
mettle,  
If she knew there was no water  
In the copper-bottomed  
kettle.

If you want to save money don't eat anything. This advice is impracticable; so is most good advice.—*Atchison Globe.*

BACON.—Miss Fussanfeather says she never paints nor powders.  
EGBERT.—She did n't have the face to tell you that? —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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CHAPPIE.—Only about threee cigawettes, Chawles.—*Yale Record.*

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PINTS AND QUARTS  
STILL OR SPARKLING  
...SOLD EVERYWHERE  
**LONDONDERRY LITHIA CO.**  
...SPRING WATER CO  
NASHUA, N.H.





"Oh, hide! Oh, hide!" the maiden cried,  
"My father comes this way;  
He's not excused that you refused  
To drink with him to-day."



"This window seat 's a safe retreat  
To hold you till he's gone;  
This is lodge-night; hide from his sight,  
Or else we are undone!"



As he was hid, the lower hid,  
And in her father came  
With a vacant stare, and a load for bear,  
And other kinds of game.



He sought no bed, but tried, instead,  
The cushioned window seat,  
Removing, you note, his hat and coat,  
And the shoes from off his feet.



The entrapped young man hits on a plan  
To escape the weight of the old man great  
But he finds the weight of the old man great  
And it tanks his utmost strength.



Then with sudden shocks the couch he rocks—  
The old man shifts with fear  
"To this I've come through the demon run;  
I should have stuck to beer!"



His daughter flies when she hears his cries  
And helps him from the floor.  
"Take me to bed," the old man said;  
"The lodge seems me no more!"



Alone, at last, all danger past,  
The maid's eyes with delight  
Beam on her beau who lets him go,  
To call the morrow night!



She pressed right: the morrow night  
Her father said, "I think  
We're reconciled—take him, my child,  
I'm pleased he does not drink!"

A WRESTLE WITH RUM; OR, HOW GEORGE SOFTDRINKS WON HIS BRIDE.